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What Roams in The Forest



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Chapter 1 by AneteTheT-rex

Over the log, under the branch, through the trees. Through the dark, she ran. Voices shouted after her, light from torches danced behind her as she methodically ran through the moonlight forest. They would never catch her but they could try all they wanted. Try, try until they got tired of trying.

Suddenly she tripped over a tree root, and went sprawling onto the ground. She cursed and started to get up, when pain shot through her leg. No, no, no, this could not be happening. Suddenly she was scooped up by large hands. What? She started to struggle but the world began to get blurry. She gave one last comfortless push from those strong arms before she blacked out.

Chapter 2 by Kai Skeleton



She awoke in the back of a carriage, her wrists bound to her feet with shackles. The carriage seemed to be empty, but she could hear faint voices in the front. She looked out the bar-caged window, watching as the trees fly away from her and she move further away from the village she knew all of her life. Suddenly, as if a bolt of electricity had flown through her, she jumped up

and with all of her might struggled against the chains just to scream outside of the caged carriage. She screamed and screamed and she could no longer even speak, only whisper and...

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She must of fallen asleep again, because the next thing she knew, she was being lead through a city of gold and stone. Everyone watched as the carriage moved in slowly, their dark features glued onto her as if she were prey.

The carriage soon rolled up hill and into a gated area, where the guards moved to protect the gate and the carriage had come to a stop.

Her heart began to pound away in her chest and she backed up against the carriage wall, away from the window, in which she just realized was lined with gold. She was looking for a way to distract herself and had just found it, wondering now what their fascination with gold was and where they had found all of it.

However, her distraction was broken by the face of a young boy who appeared at the window. He was armored in gold, with long wavy locks of blonde hair and blue eyes. His skin was still a little dark, like the others she had encountered upon first entering the city. She then noticed the crown, sitting on his head and decorated with jewels.

He looked away and began to speak in a language she could not understand, a language so unfamiliar, she found it magical the way it flowed from his lips. Where ever she was, was beautiful, but she longed to go home.

Chapter 3 by CS



The young boy had spoken a word, and his Guards begun to move. The carriage's door was unlocked, and opened. Her shackles were instantly gone, almost as if they had vanished completely from existence. The Young Boy had offered his hand to escort her out of the carriage, and she accepted.

She didn't know where she was but now she could get a better view of the area. It was a grand metropolis; Buildings carved from marble, and streets made of gold.

This place was no ordinary place, for the air felt mysterious, yet fresh and fulfilling at the same time. The boy spoke again. His words moved so smoothly and effortlessly, almost like hot butter on pancakes. The foreign words made no sense to the girl, but somehow she knew what he was

trying to say.

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When she attempted to respond, the boy spoke again, and she also knew what she was trying to say. It appears they share a common language.

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Chapter 4 by CS



She watched his face closely. Was she fooling herself? Was she merely reading his expression, his body language? His smooth voice began again. She saw that he was looking at her carefully, as if he was trying to see his face in her own. She kept watching him, lulled into a strange sense of security. It had been a long night, and she felt her eyelids drooping. Surely this young boy posed no real threat... Still, she could not grab a short nap in front of what was presumably a boy king. She felt herself struggle to stay awake.

Suddenly her back straightened, her eyes shot open. She looked at the boy in shock. Was that a thought? It felt like him. It felt like it was his thought, from him, she would never think a thought like that one. It felt... twisted, somehow. She looked at him more closely. There was a strange glint in his eyes that she didn't like at all. She imagined that he looked at small animals like that. A shiver whispered down her spine.

The thought had felt dangerous.

Another golden tendril reached out to touch her mind.

"I've been waiting for you."

Chapter 5 by That Crazy Fangirl XD



She stumbled back, confused. Who was this prince, and how could he talk into her mind? The liquid words came from his lips again, and she could feel the darkness slipping into her consciousness, taking control of her vision. Suddenly the whole world was spinning. All she could see was the sky, and gold all around her, suffocating her. The last thing she saw was the prince's smile, and then she passed out.

When she woke up, she was somewhere different. She saw more gold, all around her and she instantly felt her stomach flipping, trying to eject nothingness. She gagged, and felt something cold clamped around one of her ankles. Her blue eyes looked at her surroundings, and her mind decided that she was in some kind of bedroom. It wasn't much, just a bed with plain white sheets and embroidered gold swirls, and the room was quite plain, except for one barred

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The window was locked shut from the outside, so there was no chance of escaping. People were walking around, children, and men and women. The little girls played jump rope, while the little boys pulled at the other girls' pigtails. She smiled fondly, wondering what it was like to have a normal childhood. Wondering what it was like to have a normal life. A life where you weren't different. A life where you weren't tracked down by every bounty hunter within 100 miles. Where you weren't considered a monster by your own parents. With a shake of her head, she dismissed these thoughts. There was no point sitting here and thinking about something that was never going to happen. She looked out the window until she heard the door opening and someone's footsteps walk across the floor. She turned her head and saw...

Chapter 6 by Jaryhn



a small girl, with dirty feet and in tattered brown rags lay down a bucket of bread, dipped in water. Her head bobbed along with the bread in the bucket and she lay them down at her feet and scrambled out, matted hair trying to escape from her scalp. Before she closed the door, through a rabid look out into the darkness. It seemed to say, Run. Run while you still can. All alone again, the girl sighed. Ignoring the bread she headed over to one of the walls and brushed her hand against it's musty surface, sending up a spray of dust. She drew out into the darkness. A flower. A tree, the tree which she would watch her village from every day. The dust danced away from her fingers, and then there was her family's tree dwelling, the dinner tent, her best friend's house... the library. Ancient scrolls with stories, stories of.... stories off... the girl jerked backwards quickly. How could she not remember what was written on those ancient scrolls? The ones her friends and her studied everyday by candlelight... the ones that she recited before bed. Ancient spells. She was forgetting. Tenderly, she reached out towards the wall again and wrote her name. It was something that she needed to remember. It would get her out of this place. Her name brought back a rush of thoughts, a smiling family, music and dance, her cat. She absently picked at one of the bricks in the wall, which she assumed was gold. It crumbled slightly, and she felt a wet substance. Dirt. A bit farther, and fertile soil bloomed in her fingers. That was all she needed. Those forbidden scrolls returned to her mind. Her name, drawn in dust on the wall glowed a faint green. And then, the tendrils, the stems exploded from her fingers,

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"Now I know your name..." it said nonchalantly. "Mare." The girl screamed out at the boy, at the perfect world outside, and the walls collapsed in a barrage of ivy. With her forest behind her, she set out into the gold city, children screaming and turning away, doors being slammed. She thought to herself.

"I never really liked gold anyway." As she danced and twirled through the city, adding splashed of green on spotless gold walls, avoiding burly hands trying to grab her, she added color to a perfect world. From that day on, she was known to that town as Mare, the Harvester.

Chapter 7 by Nirwan Goyal



The prince knew about the powers that Mare possessed. Mare continued to run across the golden city with full joy - little did she know about the dark secret behind the shiny walls of elegance.

The city had a history of famines in the past and Mary was not the only one ever to have such powers. Every 100 years, a girl blossoms with the power of life. And the humans have ever since tried to capture such creatures but to no avail. Each time they ran after them, the girls disappeared in an eerie way.

The prince, who looked like a boy, was infact a 2000 years old mage who used magic to change his appearance.

Chapter 8 by Fay Sojourner



Mare continued to roam the city until there famines were gone. Then she dispeared into the darkness of midnight and never seen again by the people. They wondered if the girl who have given them new life was gone for good. Everyone thought it was the end of her, but the wisest of them told the people not to fear, for it was the just beginning of the tales and adventures of Mare the Harvester.

the end

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